

When Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden and dissolute men and depraved women listened in silence and in tears, she simply threw open the windows of her soul and let the music out.

I like to remember that it was Paul, the greatest scholar of his age, a logician than whom the world has seen no greater, who stood up before a pagan king and said, "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto that heavenly vision."

God pity the young man who has no heavenly vision, who builds no castles in Spain, high and stately mansions, through whose spacious halls walk the good and the great. Yes, dream on, young man. Believe in goodness and in greatness. Have faith that every man is a hero and every woman a virgin. Paint the future in glorious colors. Garland it with roses, gild it with rainbows, and jewel it with stars. And though the north winds blow and blight all the roses, though the rainbow fade away and all the stars go out, you will in the darkness of desolation be a stronger and better man by reason of a beautiful dream.

He came to us with dreams to sell.

Ah, long ago it seems!

From regions where enchantments dwell

He came to us with dreams to sell,

And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,

Our patient toil had wrought

The roomy treasure houses where

Were heaped the costly and the rare;

But dreams we had not bought.

Nay; we had felt no need of these

Until, with dulcet strain,

Alluring as the melodies

That mock the lonely on the seas,

He made all else seem vain.

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,

A troubled, vague unrest,

A fear that we whose care on earth

Had been to garner things of worth

Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before,

Unused in vain to sigh,

We turned our treasures o'er and o'er,

But found in all our vaunted store

No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands; but gay

As though upborne on wings,

He left us, and at set of day

We heard him singing far away

The song of simple things.

He left us, and with apathy

We gazed upon our gold,

But to the world's ascendancy

Submissive soon we came to be,

Much as we were of old.